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Shelton
Bios.

MISSIONARY HEROES COURSE
LIFE STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES FOR
TEEN AGE BOYS
ARRANGED IN PROGRAMS

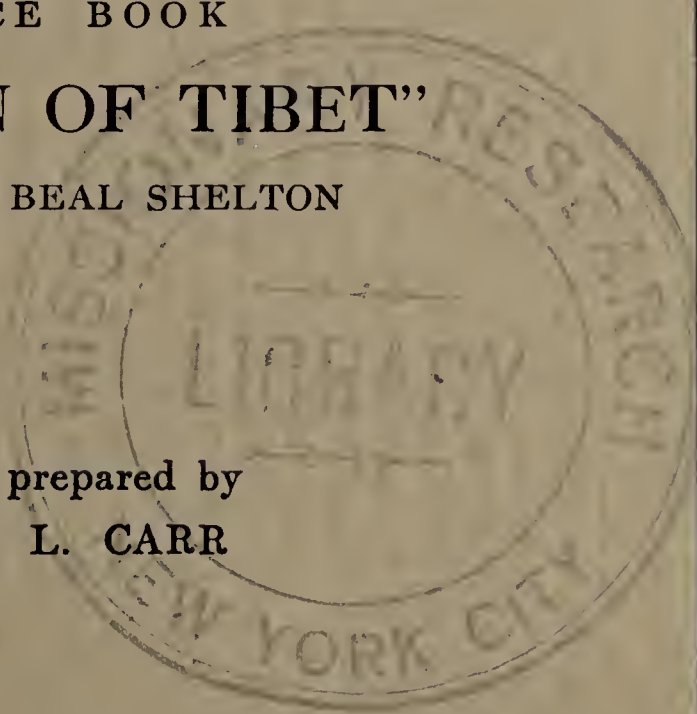
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Albert L. Shelton 1875
Martyr Missionary of Tibet 1922

SOURCE BOOK

"SHELTON OF TIBET"

By FLORA BEAL SHELTON

Program prepared by
FLOYD L. CARR



BAPTIST BOARD OF EDUCATION
DEPARTMENT OF MISSIONARY EDUCATION
276 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

ALBERT L. SHELTON

Martyr Missionary of Tibet

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Programs based on "SHELTON OF TIBET"

by FLORA BEAL SHELTON

Doubleday, Doran and Company

FOREWORD

THE *Missionary Heroes Course* for Boys meets a real need. It is a series of missionary programs for boys based on great biographies which every boy should know. Courses Number One, Two and Three are now available, each providing programs for twelve months, which may be used in the monthly meetings of boys' groups. Other courses are in preparation and will be issued for subsequent years.

It is suggested that the leader purchase two copies of each booklet; one to be kept for reference and the other to be cut up to provide each boy with his assigned part. Some may prefer to purchase one booklet and typewrite the parts for assignment. In order to tie together the life incidents as they are presented by the boys, the leader should master the facts outlined in the biographical sketch and read carefully the volume upon which the program is based. These volumes are missionary classics and may be made the basis of a worthwhile library of Christian adventure.

Boys are keenly interested in stories of adventure and achievement and it is hoped that participation in the programs will lead many of the boys to read these great missionary biographies. Attention is called to the thirty-five other life-story programs now available for Courses Number One, Two and Three, listed on the last page. The books upon which these programs are based may be loaned through public libraries or purchased from the American Baptist Publication Society and other book-selling agencies.

Portraits of these missionary heroes are also available for purchase at fifteen cents a copy or \$1.50 for each set of twelve.

While these programs have been developed to meet the needs of boys' organizations of all types—i. e., Organized Classes, Boy Scouts, Knights of King Arthur, etc.—they were especially prepared for the *Royal Ambassadors*, a world outlook organization for 'teen age boys originating in the southland and since adapted to the needs of the Northern Baptist boys by the Department of Missionary Education. We commend these materials to all lovers of boys.

WILLIAM A. HILL.

PROGRAM FOR MEETING

1. Scripture Reading: Romans 8:31-39. In the diary kept by Dr. Shelton, while held a prisoner for nine weeks, is the following entry under date of January 20, 1920: "My chapter this morning was eighth of Romans, especially verses 35-39, Amen." The 35th verse begins with the words: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" (See "Shelton of Tibet" by Flora Beal Shelton, pages 210-212, 224, and passages reprinted in the selection numbered eleven in this program.)
2. Prayer.
3. Hymn: "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross." Dr. Shelton's friend and fellow-worker, J. C. Ogden, in his introduction to the book, "Shelton of Tibet" (page VIII), says: "In his ministry of love, he went about doing good, preaching, teaching and healing, after his ideal, the Christ. One of his favorite hymns was: "Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross.'"
4. Introduction to the Life Story* (based upon the brief sketch in this booklet).
5. Birth and Background. (Pages 22-23.)
6. Steps Toward Becoming a Missionary. (Pages 25-26.)
7. The Journey to the Border of Tibet. (Pages 27-28, 31-32, 38, 41.)
8. Responding to a Call for Help. (Pages 45-46, 48, 49-50.)
9. Removing to Batang, Tibet. (Pages 79, 80-81.)
10. A Serious Case. (Pages 115-117.)
11. Captured by Bandits. (Pages 210-212, 241-242.)
12. Challenged by Lassa's Need. (Pages 199-200, 246-247.)
13. Murdered by Bandits. (Pages 283-285.)
14. A Summary of His Life. (Pages 261-263.)

*The leader should master the brief summary given in this booklet and read the book "Shelton of Tibet" by Flora Beal Shelton, upon which this program is based. A very readable short sketch will be found in "The Race of Heroes" by Basil Mathews, pages 130-161.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF ALBERT L. SHELTON

On June 9, 1875, in Indianapolis, Indiana, was born Albert L. Shelton, destined to be known as "The Martyr Missionary of Tibet." His father was a carpenter by trade but when Albert was a boy of five, he settled on the plains of Kansas. The securing of the necessary water was their great problem and as soon as he was old enough to guide the oxen, he regularly made the eight-mile trip to the springs with the barrels to be filled. He killed rattlesnakes with his ox-whip and coyotes with his rifle and developed as a courageous and resourceful lad.

At the age of twenty, in 1895, he entered the Kansas State Normal School, working at odd jobs to pay his way. Especially proficient in mathematics, he soon took high rank in all his studies. At the outbreak of the Spanish-Cuban war, he enlisted in a college company and was sent to Camp Alger, Virginia, for training. But the Kansas volunteer did not reach the front and after a year he was back in school again. On his return he married "the girl he left behind him," Miss Flora Beal, a fellow student at the Normal School.

One day the President of the Normal School called him to his office and to his great surprise and joy offered him a scholarship in the Louisville Medical College. He had felt drawn to the study of medicine and upon graduating, he went to Louisville for four strenuous years of medical work. His splendid physique (he was six feet and four inches in height and weighed 270 pounds), the heritage of his boyhood on the Kansas prairies, stood him in good stead while he worked his way through medical school. Having enlisted for foreign service with the Christian Foreign Missionary Society, he was appointed upon graduation to accompany Dr. Susie C. Rijnhart, whose husband had recently died, to Tachienlu, Szechuen Province, near the border of Tibet.

In the fall of 1903, Dr. Shelton and his wife, in company with Dr. Rijnhart, sailed through the Golden Gate at San Francisco, bound for "The Roof of the World." When they reached Shanghai, after a month on the way, they still were faced with two months of travel by river and overland before they could reach Tachienlu, a gateway to Tibet.

On March 15, 1904, they arrived at the goal—Tachienlu, which was to be their base for the next two years. The city lay in a

valley cradling the Tachienlu River. Above them on either side towered the foothills of the Himalayas, the valley itself being eight thousand feet above sea level. To the west lay Tibet, the mysterious land, long closed to the Christian missionary. He at once began both the study of the language and the practice of medicine, assisting Dr. Rijnhart by taking all the operative cases. Two days after his arrival, he performed his first operation, using a barn door as an operating table.

He was confronted by the darkest medical night that can possibly be pictured. The nearest doctor was at a distance of seven days' journey and the need beyond description. Without the first rudiments of bodily cleanliness and lacking a knowledge of anatomy and hygiene, infection and disease had the right of way. The bitter cold and the frequent fighting developed innumerable cases of freezing and blood-poisoning. There were also a good many cases of attempted suicide with opium. All illness was attributed to evil spirits, who must be exorcised by producing a great noise and the sick man must be kept awake.

In 1906 the arrival of reinforcements in the person of J. C. Ogden and his wife, made it possible to consider the possibility of advancing into Tibet. On returning from a month's trip to Batang, he recommended to his Board that a new station be opened at Batang. They replied with the proposal that all their work be concentrated in East China. He replied to this with words that echo the famous declaration of David Livingstone, saying: "We will go in, but not out; forward but not back."

Upon the arrival of another physician at Tachienlu in 1908, Dr. Shelton advanced to Batang. In a short time he had opened a dispensary and soon a school was founded. Patients and pupils responded in large numbers to their opportunity. In his first serious surgical case, he saved the life of a Tibetan whose head had been crushed. The story of his success and the gratitude of the patient and of his parents sounded a trumpet for the Gospel.

Two years of furlough in the homeland, with their stress of deputation work and strain of medical research, now intervened. But Tibet called him: by 1913 he was again on "The Roof of the World." The needed hospital building was erected and long tours were made, touching at Atuntze, Shangihen, Derge. On these tours he was in constant conflict with the Lamas (priests) who sought to prejudice the people against the foreign doctor. They reaped a rich harvest from the sale of charm boxes, warranted to protect the wearer from disease or bullet.

He was also in constant peril from bandits, owing to the unsettled and lawless conditions that prevailed. Once, when warned not to take risks, he had replied: "It is the missionary's duty to take

the Gospel to the last man, even at the risk of his life." When leaving for his second furlough in America and travelling under escort toward the coast in the province of Yunnan, on January 3, 1920, he was captured by bandits. The robber-chief permitted his wife and daughters to escape, holding him for "ransom." The Bandit Chief, upon whose head was the price of \$5,000, hoped to secure pardon for past offenses and the release of his imprisoned family in exchange for the foreign prisoner. Pursued by the government troops, he moved ceaselessly from place to place. In constant flight, there was little opportunity for sleep and after two months of anxiety and hardship, Dr. Shelton's splendid physique was seriously undermined. His diary, kept on the margin of the pages of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," is one of the highly-prized treasures of Christian missions. When the troops finally overtook the robbers, his guard fled and he staggered from the hiding place a free but broken man.

Rejoining his family, he resumed the journey to the homeland, arriving in the spring of 1920. As soon as his health warranted, he underwent an operation for the removal of a small tumor. As soon as his strength returned, he was eager to be in Tibet. Before leaving Batang, he had received official permission from the Dalai Lama, the nation's ruler, to go to Lassa. He was eager to plant the red cross banner of Christian medical ministry at the capital city itself. To a friend he said: "I am aching to get back to Tibet. I am needed more there than I am here. I can't say that I am at home here. I know I am there."

His daughters had reached the age when they should continue their education in America. His wife, after a trip across the Pacific with him, was to return to America to supervise the education of their daughters. He returned to Tibet alone, reaching Batang just before Christmas, 1921. Disappointed at the revoking of his official permit to enter Lassa, he started for Gartok to seek the desired permit. On the way he was shot by a bandit on February 16, 1922. Help was summoned from Batang but the wound was fatal and on February 17, 1922, the great trail breaker to Tibet passed over the Unknown Trail.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ALBERT L. SHELTON

Reprinted from "Shelton of Tibet"

by Flora Beal Shelton

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Birth and Background. (Pages 22-23 from the above book.)

A lad was born in the city of Indianapolis on June 9, 1875, whose father was a carpenter. The young mother of twenty, married some four years before, was busy all day about her tasks of housekeeping, caring for the new baby, perhaps dreaming dreams of his future and of what he might do some day. When the boy grew a little bigger, always at his mother's heels he tagged, bringing a book, and saying, "Please read me a story." The mother read often and told often, and soon he began to learn his letters wherever he saw them. The printing on the sacks of flour, headlines of newspapers, advertisements—all were grist as they came to the eyes of the boy, and the alphabet was learned by the time he was three.

Now the urge of the ancestors from the Old World in the blood of the father, whose progenitors were among the early settlers of Delaware, began to call for the West, and a wider range and adventure that must be undertaken. So into the West, that land of dreams and possibilities, goes the small lad, to the plains of Kansas.

Always and everywhere Nature builds into her people, to those who look and listen, strength, or love, or beauty; and always and everywhere do men learn from their native soil the lesson God meant them to have. Dwellers near the sea know the call and comfort of its strength, feel the fear and love, realize the majesty of cruelty and the mercilessness of it, as well as the soothing peace which is ground into the lives of those who dwell near it or upon it.

To the forest dwellers come the love of the trees, and of wild life, the listening for bird calls, the soft rustling of leaves at night, the tender call of mating creatures; upon these people is the imprint of caution and boldness made, which is needed to cope with tame life and the wild creatures as well.

And the mountains—aye, “from the mountains cometh help.” Those who dwell there are great in soul, and love and hate to the highest degree, giving itself for love, but knowing not the feeling of forgiveness toward an enemy. These men are strong, vigorous—the survival of the fittest.

As the sands of the desert breed into its children romanticism and cruelty, wonderful dreams or the despair of utter desolation when they are alone in the endless, depthless sand, so the vastness of the western prairie gives to its children a strength, a vision and a struggle that makes them or mars them always.

For out of the necessary everyday hardships of living comes either a character that fails, or one of iron and steel, ready to wrest from the placid land food or raiment whether it will or not, and as it calmly waits, unruffled, in the hottest sun or fiercest storm, with it battles the soul for what it must have for daily use, learning the lessons that are taught for future time.

Steps Toward Becoming a Missionary. (Pages 25-26.)

Into the boy's life went camp meeting, ball games, country school, country church life, and stories of blood and thunder read by a camp fire, near a dug-out cave of “adventure” where the boys had their meeting place. Then one day came the story of “Ben Hur.” and the boy awoke and dreamed of being a missionary to India; but that was a long road to go, as he was but fifteen.

Teaching was the next step, with clerking in the summer time, and at twenty he went to the Kansas State Normal College—this wild looking Western collarless lad. To wear a collar was to be “stuck-up” in Western Kansas. Men didn't do it, only preachers and “dudes.” Many smiled as the rough-looking boy entered the Normal classes, striving in every way to remain and to get what he desired. Some silken skirts drew aside, and the stylish men refused to notice the janitor boy and newspaper carrier. Only the teacher of mathematics and those who saw America in the making waited for the raw material to shape itself and make a man worth-while. Soon the clear-eyed lad was leading the classes in mathematics, and the silken skirts and high collars were failing to make good. And this same mathematics teacher, flinging erasers and chalk at them, and tearing his hair at their stupidity, sent them to the collarless lad to be tutored. Thus the way grew easier.

Now the Spanish-Cuban war came along, and the spirit of patriotism grew to fever heat in the schools of Kansas. A college company was formed, with one of the Normal instructors as captain, and the lad was one of the first volunteers. You know, all

soldiers must have a sweetheart, or they couldn't fight. And he had one, but he found it out only a few days before he left—only six days, and all the courting was done by letters. About a year the company was in Camp Alger, in Virginia, and, much to the young man's disgust, saw no real fighting. They were mustered out in the fall, and he married the sweetheart in apple-blossom time in Kansas. The next year both were back in school again; but about New Year's time a scholarship from the Louisville Medical College came and it was given to the boy by the President of the Normal College.

Then followed four years of medical work, and at its close, the appointment to Nankin, China, by the Foreign Christian Missionary Society of Cincinnati, A. McLean, President. At this time Dr. Rijnhart was preparing to return to Tibet, where she had lost her husband and baby some time before, and was asking for a doctor and his wife to go with her to the Tibetan border. The young doctor was asked if he would go. He said "Yes," and went. Often he said, "I hoped to go to India, was appointed to China, and wound up in Tibet—perhaps the only field in which I would have been able to work, as I felt absolutely unfitted for the other fields as time went on and I knew more about them."

The Journey to the Borders of Tibet. (Pages 27-28, 31-32, 38, 41.)

From the port of San Francisco out through the Golden Gate harbor on to the wide Pacific, went the small steamer *China* one fall day in 1903, bearing Dr. Shelton and wife. The island of Hawaii was the first stopping place, and many new impressions came thick and fast to the country-bred folk from Kansas. Tropical sea birds and vegetation were seen. New and queer things were found to eat. The magic mountain with the wisps of smoke around the crater spoke of the Goddess Pelee, whom the natives used to worship each year by throwing the most beautiful maiden and her handsome lover into the burning top, to appease her wrath for another year, and keep the island safe. But on again the good ship sailed. Japan came next, looking like a perfect jewel in its setting of sea and sky that is seen in no other place in the world. Its military fortifications are of the finest, and the busy people live and serve their country with a devotion and patriotism that are unsurpassed. Out from the coast of Japan into the Yellow Sea steamed the vessel toward the coast of China. It was very soon discovered why it was called "Yellow," for the great Yangtse through its length of travel from beyond the little Batang station brings down its loads of yellow dirt and pours them into the sea,

making the blue a murky yellow; and on this muddy sea the boat sailed to the port of Shanghai. . . .

It is well that travelers do not know the danger of the treacherous rocks and whirlpools. Sometimes as the coolies drag the ropes through great gashes in the rocks, made by ages of the same kind of travel, they clamber over paths that seem impossible, crossing first to one side of the river and then to the other, where even a goat would find it hard to get a foothold. Sometimes the ropes break, and back the boat crashes, turning round and round until a current of water hauls it in a lucky inlet or the "devils" lead it on a rock and it is smashed. Many wrecks can be seen along the river. From the banks one can see sugar dripping from tin cans, oil spilled, cargoes of cotton drying in the sun, and lamp-wicks, made of the weed-pith used by the Chinese, spread out to dry. Sometimes a man is knocked off the cliffs by the ropes, and falls into the river, but the boat never stops; they do not even attempt to save him—it is impossible. Sometimes the men are badly hurt, and there the Doctor had his first opportunity to help the people. Always and every day he was out among the men, some with crushed arms and broken bones and sore feet, following the boat all day for the pittance of cash that would be theirs at night. When he came back to the boat, he would say, "Oh, if I just had nine lives, that I might spend one going up and down among these thousands of river coolies, to help them and heal them and preach to them, for they have no chance at all!" . . .

Tachienlu at last. Hearts beat fast as we near the city, the chair-men marching rapidly in the light snow. Here we got the first home mail and some rooms in a Tibetan inn, and we were in our first home in a foreign land. The Doctor was so tall that he bumped his head on all the doortops, and most of the roof, and stubbed his toes on all the big four-inch boards in the doorways. The floors must not be scrubbed because they never had been, but we were landed safely, and ready to begin work. This was March 15, 1904. . . .

The city of Tachienlu is situated at the head of a valley, something over eight thousand feet in altitude, and is crowded in between mountains with a roaring river, which winds around and through it. The snow falls early, and stays late, and it rains almost every day in the summer time. A dreadful shut-in place it seemed to those who had seen only plains and broad fields. It is located on the extreme western border of the province of Szechuen and separates Tibetan territory and Tibetan life from that of the Chinese. Beyond this city is Tibet, with its mountains and rivers and valleys almost unknown and unexplored, a different land and different customs entirely.

Responding to a Call for Help. (Pages 45-46, 48, 49-50.)

One Sunday morning, while Dr. Shelton was still in bed, one of the schoolboys came in, sat down on the bed, and asked him to go to 'Tylin, as the official there had been shot accidentally through the neck. It was about a hundred miles to the northeast of 'Tachienlu, and considered a five days' journey. Dr. Shelton said that he would go at once, if they would make arrangements to carry his bed and provisions. He put his raincoat and instruments and medicines in his saddle bags and on the mule, and started about nine o'clock. In an hour or two the man carrying the bed, rifle and ammunition started, but the Doctor never saw them again until four days later. About ten o'clock Dr. Shelton and the guide stopped to eat and feed the horses. The man who had done the shooting had sent the big mule for the Doctor to ride, as it was his business to save the man he had shot if he could. About four o'clock it began to rain, and the Doctor put on his raincoat, but it poured and poured, with a strong wind blowing. Before dark he was soaked through and through. . . .

A number of soldiers were sent to meet him and he was led at once to the man who was wounded. He had made the trip in twenty-three hours instead of five days, had twice gotten soaked with the rain and dry again, and was so tired he could hardly stand.

The Doctor's first care was to look after the wound. It was some four or five days old: an ugly hole in the neck where the bullet had gone in, laying bare the carotid artery, and coming out at the back of the neck. Both openings were sealed up tightly with plasters of pitch, as is the Chinese custom, and both were full of pus. He syringed the wound and drew gauze through it, then packed it with iodiform gauze and gave the man some medicine so he could sleep. The man who had done the shooting now took the Doctor and gave him a change of clothes and got him some breakfast. He rolled him into his own bed about noon, and he slept until after dark. Then he got up for some supper, saw the sick man, and went to bed again, sleeping until the next morning about nine o'clock.

As the Doctor left, the patient asked what the charge was. The Doctor explained that there were no charges, but that he could donate what he liked to the little dispensary. He gave two hundred rupees and asked, "Do you get any of this?" Dr. Shelton told him no, that it was only to help pay for the medicines which he used for poor people who could not pay for themselves. But the man said, "I want you to have something for yourself."

Just at this point a soldier came along leading a mule, fine, black, and stout. "I am giving this to you," the official said, "to show my gratitude and thankfulness." So the Doctor rode home on his own mule, escorted by a guard of soldiers.

Removing to Batang, Tibet. (Pages 79, 80-81.)

Doctor Shelton and Mr. Ogden received a letter from the Mission Board at home, asking us to come down into China to the coast stations, as they couldn't get men to come as far as Tachienlu, and it was so difficult to get money and supplies; but the two men held a mission meeting and sent the request that we be allowed to go on to Batang, saying, "We will go in, but not out; forward, but not back." They also wrote asking for another doctor, and some three months later the answer came that one was coming. . . .

At last permission came from the Board for us to go to Batang in Tibet. That meant some preparation. The two men went to Chungking to purchase a two years' supply of soap, sugar and candles, and the necessary saws and tools for the cutting of timber and building of houses, for they would have to become "hewers of wood and drawers of water," brickmakers, lumber cutters, tile makers, furniture builders, teaching the Chinese carpenters how to build even a wash-tub before a good bath could be taken. Boxes holding from seventy-five to eighty pounds must be made, in which to pack the household goods, medicine, instruments, books, bedding, pictures and dishes. The boxes were covered with a wet skin which soon dries, and becomes very hard, keeping all dampness from the contents. This covering, being very strong, prevents the boxes from bursting to pieces if a yak gets on a stampede.

The Doctor, the two babies, and I left Tachienlu July 7, 1908, and reached Batang July 24. Mr. and Mrs. Ogden prepared to go with us, but decided to wait for the new physician, Dr. Loftis, who was coming. Their plans were changed, however, and they arrived in Batang October 31st. The city was Oriental in everything that goes with that word. Dirt, heat, flies, mangy dogs, naked babies, half-clothed men and women, no rain for months, the chaff from the wheat-threshing flying everywhere. The first great event that happened at Batang was the birth of little Ruth Ogden, the first foreign baby born in that city. There are three babies now, Dorris, Dorothy and Ruth. They don't at all mind the dirt or the heat, but are always happy and keep us from being lonesome.

The houses in Batang are nearly all of two stories, and a third story a kind of shed over about half the roof. The four walls are

built of the yellow mud, very much like the Mexican adobe houses. Glad, indeed, were we all when a mud palace for each family was procured and it could be scraped clean of manure, whitewashed, cleaned and scrubbed, and we could sit under our own walnut trees and have a clean place for the babies to play.

A Serious Case. (Pages 115-117.)

Not so many days after getting to Batang and opening the little mud dispensary and putting the beds up in the inn, a big red card came from the Chinese official, asking Dr. Shelton to come to the yamen, as he wished to see him about a small affair. Seizing his hat, with some uneasiness, he went to the house of the official. The official received him most graciously, gave him the chair of honor, and insisted on filling his teacup several times. Then he asked after the health of both families for several generations back, until finally, squirming around, Dr. Shelton said, "You sent for me; what was it you wanted me to do?" "Oh," said the official, "there's a Tibetan down here that's hurt a little. A rock fell and struck his head. I'd like to have you go down and fix him up." "All right," replied the Doctor; and after another siege of Oriental bowing and scraping, he went to find the injured man. Going by the dispensary, he got a washpan, hot water, bandages and instruments for fixing a scalp wound. He went to the Tibetan house and found the poor fellow on a pile of straw and manure, where he had been carried and laid about two hours before.

The Doctor found that, instead of it being a scalp wound, the skull was crushed and the brains were oozing from the wound. He dropped the instrument on the ground and went back to the official faster than he went the first time. After gaining admittance, he marched up to him and said "I can't operate on that man. I dare not. He will die if I do, and I'm not going to touch him." "Well, but you must do something. Can't you do anything for him?" objected the official. "Yes, I can; but I don't want to, for if he died under the foreigner's knife, it might mean the lives of us all." "Well," replied the mandarin, "you go on, and I'll stand back of you, whatever the result may be." So back went the Doctor in great fear, to do what he knew he ought to save the life of this man.

It seemed that so much depended on the success of the first surgical work, perhaps the lives of the foreigners there, the stability and possibility of a Tibetan mission. It seemed a pity to destroy all the work and hope of years that had gone before with a stroke or two of the surgeon's knife; but it must be done, and

with shut tecth and a passionate prayer for help, he went to work. The poor fellow was lifted and placed on a door and carried into a Tibetan house. A sheet was taken and stretched up to keep the dirt from falling on him as the doctor worked. He began washing and shaving dirty, lousy, tangled, buttered hair. Then twelve pieces of bone were taken out, and the wound was closed over and bandaged. The poor fellow was just about used up when he came out from under the anaesthetic.

Dr. Shelton came home with a set face and said, "The man will be dead in the morning. I did the best I could, but I don't see how he can possibly live." We felt pretty downhearted that night and fearful of what the morrow would bring. After breakfast he went to see his patient, and the chap tried to raise up off his straw bed to thank him! With a face perfectly blank with surprise, and yet in which awe and thankfulness were mingled, he returned and said: "Well, I did the best I could; but by all the knowledge of medicine I possess, that man should have been dead this morning. The Lord has healed him."

There was no other explanation for it. In a month the fellow was ready to walk home, one hundred miles, and he left the city.

Captured by Bandits. (Pages 210-212, 241-242.)

On Saturday, January 3, 1920, about noon or a little after, while riding peacefully along about fifty to one hundred yards behind the chairs of Mrs. Shelton and the two girls, one of the soldiers who was with me suddenly cried out, "Robbers! Robbers!", ran in front of my mule, fired his gun in the air, and then started running with the others back along the road we had come. I looked for the robbers in the direction they were running, but could see no one. The shots began to come from in front, and I saw them coming down around the chairs which had been put down. I grabbed my gun from its scabbard on my saddle and Andru, my Tibetan servant, and I began running toward the chairs. Seeing we were left alone and the bandits were many, I decided that non-resistance was best, so handed the gun back to Andru, who put it back in the scabbard. I walked on up to the chairs. Mrs. Shelton and the children were crouching down behind them, calling to me to get down, as the shots were flying all about. The robbers then surrounded us and began taking our things and one drew a large pistol, another a large sword, threatening me.

The fellow with the pistol looked so grotesque—he had a long black streak on his face—that I laughed. Anyway, we were not harmed. One man grabbed Andru's knife and chopsticks, which

were tied to him. He looked appealingly to me. I said, "Don't resist. Give it to him. It is all you can do."

They took Mrs. Shelton's things from her chair, among them a thermos bottle through which a shot had gone. After we had been stripped of what they wanted, a sort of headman came and said for me to go with him to their headman back up the road we had come. I started off with him and Mrs. Shelton called for me not to leave them alone, but I could do nothing but comply with what they wanted. This headman had my camera and field glasses and wanted me to explain the camera as we went along, which I did. Then he wanted me to take his picture and show it to him on the spot.

Many people were along the road, all with their packs open and the robbers taking whatever they wanted, and making them strip and give them any garment that struck their fancy. We finally arrived at the top of the pass over which we had just come, and there grouped around their headman were about twenty men. He had my gun, a Winchester shotgun, and wanted me to show him how it worked, which I did.

A shot just then came whizzing from the valley below—the soldiers were coming in, as the four who had been with us had raised the alarm. He commanded his men to take me and go on up the mountain, and informed me that I would be held for ransom. My mule and two of the animals of servants having been brought up, I mounted and we started. It was with a heavy heart. I could see the chairs on the road in the valley below. One of the men called for the chairs and women to be brought up but as they had to travel fast, they decided to let them go, for which I thanked God. The battle was now in full swing behind us as I was hurried on ahead, but the shots kept coming overhead. After going some miles, the shots became fewer and fewer and finally died out altogether. . . .

Sunday, March 7. Since I have stopped traveling, the pain is bearable, but very constant and aggravating. It was difficult to sleep last night. If I were turned loose, I couldn't do anything. I couldn't walk a mile. If I could only eat, I might get a little strength. It appears that God did not want me to go inside to Lassa. It looks as if the end of my work was at hand. I hoped to accomplish so much, only to wind up in a hole like this. Thy ways, O God, are past all finding out, but help me to say, "Not my will but Thine be done." (Entry in Diary after 8 weeks and just before deliverance came.)

Challenged by Lassa's Need. (Pages 199-200, 246-247.)

A good many times the Doctor had attempted to get a letter

to Lassa, asking permission to come in, but no man would carry it. They were afraid to be caught with the foreign writing upon them. When he made his visit to the Governor, the Doctor said he had tried many times to send a letter to the Dalai Lama, but had never succeeded in getting one sent, whereupon the Governor said he would be quite willing to send it for him. He very kindly did so and a letter came from the Dalai Lama, granting him permission to come, providing there was no treaty between the nations forbidding him to do so, and as there was no such treaty, the plans for the trip to Lassa were made. . . .

Lassa had always appealed to Dr. Shelton in its desolateness, its ignorance and its isolation. Whenever he could he met the priests and the people from Lassa, and asked about their customs, their ruler, and their religion.

Before any man could become a lama with the highest degree of efficiency, he must make the journey to Lassa, and by doing so, his sins were absolved forever. Every Tibetan in his heart hopes to go some day to Lassa. They tell of wonderful idols there; one big one of solid gold, which, so the legend goes, has a wonderful stone within it, and if one who is ailing in the head or the knee or the foot prays to this idol, the stone moves to the part which is afflicted, and the worshiper is healed.

Lassa, the hill crowned; Lassa, the bigoted; Lassa, the superstitious; Lassa, afraid because kept afraid; full of filth and abominations. And why? The Tibetans say that the Lord Buddha's commands are like those of our Master, and when the Tibetan teacher was told that there were ten commandments, which, if all men obeyed, there would be no sin upon the earth, he said, "That is nothing; Buddha has thirty-one." When asked if the two religions were the same, he would say, "Yes, about." Then we would ask, "Who takes care of the orphans?" and he would reply, "Nobody, for nobody wants them." When we asked, "Who takes care of the sick?" he said, "Nobody; they are left to die alone." When we would say, "Who takes care of the old and the crippled and the helpless?" he would say, "No one." Then we would ask the question, "Just what is the difference?" and he was forced to admit that there was a difference because the religions of Buddha makes you work out your own salvation by laying up merit through the things that you can do. Millions of prayers, sacrifice to the gods, and you save yourself. Every man is the reincarnation of some other soul and if a man is born a cripple or blind, or afflicted, it is for some sin committed in a former life. When a man died the priests would forecast what he should become at his rebirth; it might be a cow, or a monkey, or a donkey; and when in Batang a very wicked man died, and they saw a snake

near his grave, they said that he had been reborn a snake. The teacher said that from among Buddha's disciples went six apostates who founded all the other religions of the world, and that Jesus was one of these.

Murdered by Bandits. (Pages 283-285.)

Dr. Shelton left Batang for Gartok on the 15th of February (1922), planning to see the Governor of Eastern Tibet and then to return to Batang and make final plans for the trip to Lassa. At the end of the first stage south of here, a letter came from the Governor asking that the Doctor delay his visit, as permission to make the visit must be obtained from the Galon Lama at Chiamdo. So on the morning of the 16th, Dr. Shelton started back to Batang. At two P. M. (February 16) when only about six miles from Batang, the party was fired on by robbers. Dr. Shelton was riding in front, and just as he rounded a curve in the road, the robbers opened fire. The first shot hit the Doctor. The other members of the party, the cook, the deposed Batang prince, and the Doctor's Tibetan teacher, thought the Doctor had shot at a rabbit, but as they came around the corner they saw the Doctor in the road. A number of other shots were fired but the rest of the party were unhurt. The robbers in due time sent down some of their men and drove off most of the pack animals. (So far I have seen only one mule load not taken by the robbers.)

The Batang prince came on to Batang as soon as he could and reported the matter to Mr. MacLeod. His report was that Shelton had been wounded and was unable to travel. He said that we must take a stretcher on which to bring Shelton to Batang, and that he wanted a tourniquet for Shelton's arm, which was bleeding badly.

This report came in about four P. M. and I put a few things into my pocket; borrowed the Prince's horse, and started at 4:23 for the place. MacLeod looked after getting the stretcher-bearers, and followed me, Morse and Duncan also going with the stretcher. After hard riding for an hour, I reached the Doctor, who was then unconscious with no pulse, and showing signs of severe hemorrhage. The bullet had entered the outer condyle of the right elbow, had torn off the inner condyle, and had entered the side about the level of the elbow. Before loss of consciousness, the Doctor took a hypo of morphine and strychnine and improvised a tourniquet with his handkerchief and riding whip. The men who remained with him had done all they could to make him comfortable, using saddle blankets for a bed, and were preparing Doctor's cot to take him to Batang. I put on the tourniquet, gave him some more strychnine, redressed the wounds, and got under way for Batang

at six o'clock. We met the party from Batang about a mile from the scene of the tragedy. The poles on the cot gave some trouble at the top of the pass, and after a couple of miles more, Dr. Shelton complained of the poles hurting his hips. So we changed him to the hospital bed which we had rigged up on stout bamboo poles to use as a stretcher. During the last miles he was in pain again and wanted to change his position. Before we reached Batang more than fifty (probably one hundred) people met us, to help carry the stretcher or to light the way with pine torches.

We reached our home at 10:10 P. M. and the Doctor was conscious and in pain. I gave him some morphine and made a careful examination of the wounds. Once or twice after reaching home he wanted water and asked to sit up. His condition was such that anything more than applying temporary dressings, after cleaning the wounds, was out of the question. (I omitted telling you that Dr. Shelton, after he was shot, swabbed the wounds with iodine.)

The turn for the worse came about midnight, and at 12:48 A. M. Dr. Shelton answered the summons to the higher life.

A Summary of His Life. (Pages 261-263.)

Dr. Shelton's missionary career falls into three periods with two furloughs spent in the homeland. He went out as an unknown and untried young doctor; he returned to America a seasoned veteran, a veritable pathfinder of the Lord. He was a doctor of the Jesus School; he loved people—men, women and little children and he loved them regardless of their state, condition or race. Two days after his arrival in Batang, he performed a major operation, using a barn door as an operating table. The fame of his healing and the wonders of his surgery spread far and wide. The sick and the injured for miles around were brought to him and he healed many of them. He traveled thousands of miles on mule back. He welcomed the hardships and inconveniences as he had the difficulties which beset him in youth. He went everywhere doing good. He and his wife established a Christian home and reared a family among the people whom he had come so far to save. That of itself is a tremendous factor in the Christian conquest of a primitive people. He helped the people to live in a more decent and comfortable manner. He taught them that cleanliness is a part of godliness. He was the first man to take a bathtub into Tibet; he introduced alfalfa there. On his return from his first furlough in America, he took an organ with him, the first one ever carried into that country. He believed that music had charms to soothe the Tibetan breast and he proved it. He constructed at Batang a

hospital with provision for fifty patients and capable of caring for as many more. This hospital is of itself a monument of the man's trust, his industry, his foresight.

Dr. Shelton was a missionary of the pioneer type, a pathfinder, a blazer of paths "where highways never ran." As with Livingstone, so with Shelton, it was "anywhere if forward." He chafed under restraint; he despised "marking time." The goal of his life was to penetrate Lassa, the sacred capital of Tibet, where no missionary of the cross had yet set foot. It was his ambition to enter that city, establish a hospital and do medical work, and the way was open at last. Permission had been granted him to visit Lassa, and the privilege was accorded him by the Dalai Lama, the political and religious ruler of the nation. Dr. Shelton's courage and persistence won for him this distinction. This doctor of the school of Jesus Christ was gentle and tender, but withal brave as a lion. There was a dash and a daring about him. He took chances and ran risks for the Gospel's sake. There was a kind of spiritual audacity in his nature, and the willingness to take a great risk for the sake of the greatest of causes.

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